

A MARCH MISTAKE

By Jeanne O. Edgeman

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"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for you downstairs."

Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door and dropped the warm cloak she was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be. It had been long since John had come to see her in the old friendly fashion of the time before Rose Lisie moved to their town. The girl gave another touch to her smooth hair. Her mother stood watching her and then remarked:

"Mrs. Dent told me today that John and Rose have been out for over a month. He has just come home. If a quarrel with Rose is all that sends him to you, I should think that"—Elsie wheeled impatiently.

"Mother, John and I have always been good friends, and I shall not question any motive that brings him to see me. I shall always be the same to him. You can't expect a man so deeply in love as he is with Rose to be regular in his attention to his girl friends. And no one could help loving a beauty like Rose. She's good too."

Elsie greeted John as if she had seen him yesterday and soothed his evidently overwrought mood with a gentle, half laughing tact. He was tall and blond, with fine blue eyes which tonight were clouded, and his face was a little careworn. Sometimes he gave random answers as if he had not heard what she said. After a half uneasy hour of the March twilight he turned to her in awkward pleading gratitude for her patience with him.

"Elsie, am I keeping you in? I have not thought to ask if you were going anywhere." She smiled and bethought herself that inaction was not good in his present mood.

"I was going for a walk and can go as well. Another time, I was going quite by myself. You know, I am never afraid."

"No, I never knew you to be afraid from the time we were children at school until now. I have always liked you for that. But would you mind letting me go with you for the walk? We used to like pushing the wind together. Shall we go?"

Elsie put on her cloak and little red cap, and the two young people started away.

Rose lived not far from them, and as they passed the house both could not avoid what they saw. From the broad front windows the light streamed brightly. The shades were not drawn. Rose sat at the piano, and over her in rapt attention stood Norman Cady. John almost dragged Elsie past, though he said nothing. He did not know that she gripped her arm till it hurt, and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than Elsie utterly out of breath.

It was a raw night, with a sharp wind. The moon was high and cold, and the sky was streaked with flying clouds. The road was good, and they walked on and on, out of the town and along the river road. The girl was unwilling to disturb her companion's silent mood and swung gladly beside him. At length they reached the boat-house and a great pile of rough logs in a sheltered corner. John stopped there and proposed resting.

"Elsie," he said, "I must have tired you all out. I am a selfish brute to drag you about like this. I was trying to get away from myself by reminding myself what a staunch friend you have always been. I had not intended to tell you my troubles, but I think I must if you will let me."

"Tell me about it," she replied in the matter of fact comrade's way that made confidences easy.

"All right, but you must not try to help me. No one can do that. I simply need the relief of words before I settle down to forgetting as fast as I can."

He hesitated. A man finds it hard to confide.

"Is it about Rose?" She tried to make it easier for him.

"Elsie, I loved her almost from the minute I saw her. Everybody must know it, for I didn't hide my preference, and when I want anything under the sun it is my way to do my best to get it. I wanted her. Soon I made her my friend and then—well, I thought she loved me, though we had not spoken of it in words. About a month ago I wrote and asked her to marry me. I told her everything a man tells the girl he loves. I asked her to send me a note in answer and added that I should interpret her failure to do so as a refusal, though I was overconfident enough not to dream of such a thing."

He looked off across the river and drummed his heels against the logs.

"She went on, 'she did not send me a word! Not one word! And that very night she was heartless enough to smile and nod and blush at me at a concert where we were and seemed to think I would see her home the same as ever! Then the next time we met she did not even speak!'"

"Are you sure she received it?"

"Yes. I sent it by my brother, and he put it into her own hand. He did not wait for an answer. She could have sent that anyway. Well, then I went away a few weeks. I could not stand it here, and now that I am back it is worse than ever. I despise myself for caring, but I hate Norman Cady for being near her. I thought if I told you, perhaps just putting it into words would wear off some of my anger and help me forget her. Elsie, be good to me and help me forget her. Will you?"

The girl touched his arm with her hand.

"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mistake."

"There is no mistake. She was simply playing with me. Elsie, you were always my comrade, be so now in time of need." Elsie laughed, but it hurt her a little.

"Very well, John, come to me whenever you want to. We will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."

March was gone and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before May day. Elsie, happy hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight. Elsie thought only of the moment, but she could not help a little throb of gladness that he so seldom spoke of Rose. She did not, as at first, regret the coolness that had sprung up between her and Rose. Nothing seemed to matter but being happy without thinking why. John called her "sister" half jokingly, but with entire affection, and while he sometimes wandered off inconsiderately by himself he seemed content to be with her. And so she waited. As she waited her fifteen-year-old brother called distressingly from his room:

"Sis, for goodness sake get my good coat from the closet in the hall! I'm going to be late to that party."

Elsie went to the dark closet and emerged with a coat. She knocked at his door.

"Oh, come on in and help me with this fool thing! Great snakes, if you haven't got the wrong coat! Just like a girl! Haven't worn that old thing since winter!" He snatched it from her impatiently upbraid. A letter fell from the pocket.

Elsie picked it up, and as she glanced at the address her face went white.

"Terry! What is this?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look, and then stood stricken with tardy penitence. It was addressed to John Copeland, and in the lower left corner was inscribed in Rose's hand.

"Kindness of Terry." Terry stared and struggled with the refractory tie.

"A pretty mess!" Rose gave me that months ago, and I promised to take it straight to John. And like a fool I forgot! Then he cheered up. "Well, they're off anyway now. Probably she'll be glad he never saw it. I will take it back to her tomorrow." He wondered at the strange brightness of his sister's eyes, at the extreme whiteness of her face.

"Geel! Not even Rose can touch you for looks, Sis. I don't wonder that John!" She turned from him as John's whistle sounded below. She still held the letter.

"I shall give it to John. It is his. I shall tell him you forgot. I"—

Then she went down to John. He sat contentedly on the porch with his hat pushed back on his fair head. He looked careless and happy enough. At her approach he rose.

"Ready, sister?" Her smile was odd, and she held the letter out to him. She spoke as if she had been running.

"John, take this into the parlor and read it. No one is there. I told you there was a mistake. It is to you from Rose. She gave it to Terry, and he forgot it. I just found it in the pocket of his winter coat." John did not know he almost snatched it from her hand. When he came back from the parlor his face was shining.

"Elsie, you are an angel! You have the heart of a sister! You have given her back to me. She did love me. She does! I"—

Elsie smiled and gave him a brave little push.

"Well, you silly boy, go to her this minute!"

He snatched her hand and pressed it hard. Then he went from her with an eager swiftness that he had never shown in coming to her. She knew it—she had always known it, but nevertheless it was not easy to see. And under her breath she whispered bravely:

"The heart of a sister!"

The Robber's Grave at Montgomery.

In a corner of the churchyard of Montgomery, writes a correspondent, is a bare space, known as "the robber's grave." It is not a raised mound of earth, but is below the surrounding ground, which is especially luxuriant. The date of the grave is 1821, and numerous attempts have been made to grow grass upon the bare spot. Fresh soil was frequently spread upon it, but not a blade of grass is to be seen. The shape of a cross is still distinctly visible. It is the grave of a man named Newton, charged with highway robbery and violence and sentenced to be hanged. He protested his innocence. "In meek dependence of a merciful God, whom I have offended, but who, through the atonement of his blessed Son, has, I trust, pardoned my offenses. I venture to assert that if I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer the grass for one generation at least will not cover my grave." Men of eighty bear witness that never since they were children has there been grass on the grave—Westminster Gazette.

Traveling Incognito.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II. of Austria, who in 1777 made a little stay in Paris under the title of Count von Falkenstein. During the revolutionary period Louis XVIII. buried his temporarily useless royal dignity under the privacy of Comte de Lille, while Charles X. passed as the Comte de Marles. The Empress Eugenie in her splendor frequently took little trips as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds.

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Model Kitchen

There are many interesting features in the basement and few patrons ever come to the store without embracing it in their points of visitation. The Model Kitchen, where new and useful utensils and newly patented kitchen helps are being demonstrated daily, where bread and cakes are baked every day, is the point, perhaps, of greatest interest. There are numerous other demonstration booths in the basement with always interesting features.

China-ware

The Chinaware section is an extremely beautiful sight. Here you will find the products of the world's greatest potteries, embracing Dinner Sets, costing only a few dollars and running up into the hundreds. There are fully two hundred styles of these sets in stock. The variety of Tea Sets and separate pieces is equally great. The arrangement of this part of the basement display is simply perfect. Goods are not shown to any better advantage in the World's Fair exhibit.

Cut Glass

What is said of the Chinaware section is equally true of the Pottery and Cut Glass divisions, in which are seen some of the most beautiful things we sell. In the Art Room, in connection with this division, are seen many magnificent works of art, including figures of bronze and marble.

Lamps, Shades

The Lamp section is separate and apart from the other glass and chinaware, and here is seen an extensive assortment of plain and elaborate chandeliers, lamp shades and electrolights.

The basement is a place that should be visited often, for no one can see in a single trip or in several visits all that is to be seen and that is worth seeing.

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IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY—To Peter

Cogan, Mrs. Peter Cogan and Bridget Cogan

Daly.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein the Essex County Building and Loan Association is complainant, and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, demur, or answer to the complaint, on or before the third day of September next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

This said bill is filed to foreclose two mortgages upon land in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, one dated September 16, 1878, given by Patrick Convey and Betsy Convey, his wife, to Daniel M. Lyon and assigned to complainant; the other dated May 18, 1884, given by Mary Convey to complainant. And you Peter Cogan and you Bridget Cogan daily are made defendants because you are heirs at law of Mary Convey deceased, and claim some interest in said mortgaged premises, and you Mrs. Peter Cogan are made a defendant because you are the wife of Peter Cogan and claim an inchoate right of dower in said mortgaged premises. Dated July 3, 1906.

PILCH & PILCH,

Solicitors for Complainant,

22 Clinton Street, Newark, N. J.

June 4, 1906.

ESTATE OF FRANCES A. HARRIS, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

MARCUS S. CRANE.

June 9, 1906.

ESTATE OF ANNIE O. DOWD DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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